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Nov 1

MOONRISE

Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock

THE GRAND CANYON

Painted by Elliott Daingerfield

A COUNTRY ROAD

Painted by John H. Twachtman

NOVEMBER WINDS

Painted by Norwood MacGilvary

A MAY DAY

Painted by Lillian M. Genth

MOONLIGHT

Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock

THE GRAND CANYON

[Painted by Elliott Daingerfield]

Gleaming with glory in its setting grand
The Canyon like a great fire-opal lies
Burning with the bright beauty of the skies—
A perfect jewel in the sunlit land.
And here an artist with a magic hand
Has made the vision of its wonder rise
Like some mirage in heaven for our eyes
To feast upon and try to understand.
This world is but the mighty diadem
God, as a crown, wears on his kingly brow,
And this great opal, burning like the sun,
What is it but that single perfect gem
Outshining all earth's jewels, flashing now
Among them, and of all the brightest one?

A COUNTRY ROAD

[Painted by John H. Twachtman]

This road that takes us through a world so green
Is the old highway of the happy heart
We used to walk, that took us far apart
From the vain world to some such sylvan scene
Of country quiet, hidden in between
The hills of home. And what a touch of art
To paint it ending where the others start
That lead to ends so different, so mean!

These are the fields and this the summer sky
Of that glad earth where in the long ago
We lived our lives of innocence and joy,
Like the young gods of fabled days gone by
Whose happiness it was our lot to know,
Sweetheart, when first I loved you as a boy!

NOVEMBER WINDS

[Painted by Norwood MacGilvary]

The leafless branches of the mighty trees —
 Those harps of God—each softly sways and sings ;
 Invisibly His fingers touch the strings
And all the world is filled with memories.
Haunting the music is, in minor keys,
 And sometimes with a sound as of the wings
 Of unseen birds, from heaven again it brings
The summer back on the November breeze.

Gray though the skies, the sun does not forget
 To temper with its warmth each touch of cold
 That passes ghost-like through the Autumn air.
The empty fields are full of fragrance yet,
 The odour of that wondrous wine of gold
 That cheers the heart of him who lingers there !

A MAY DAY

[Painted by Lillian M. Genth]

Forevermore adown this path of May

The wood-nymphs with their garland of bright flowers

Will dance throughout the happy sunlit hours

Of youth's unclouded and immortal day.

The world will change, the years will pass away,

And they be joyous in these leafy bowers

Where bird notes rain from heaven in sweet showers,—

Glad children in a garden still at play.

Time cannot take from us this Paradise

Nor drive from it the spirits of our youth.

Safe in the Eden of the long ago

They shall live on, our joy when all else dies,

Unchanged and beautiful, to be in truth

At last the greatest happiness we know.

MOONLIGHT

[Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock]

Queen of the air and mistress of the night,
Out of the dark, the silvery moon doth rise—
How like an angel to our wondering eyes,
Her lovely face with heaven's glory bright ?
See, there she walks transfigured in our sight
Along the hidden pathways of the skies
Even unto the gates of Paradise
That open on God's gardens of delight !
Trembling with beauty at her feet unfold
The fleecy clouds, those fragile flowers of love
Whose perfume fills the evening like a dream ;
The very whisper of the wind doth hold
A hint of music from the realms above—
The echo of some grand immortal theme !

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